OCHO #11

Guest Edited by Adam Fieled

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Adam Fieled

Introduction

This, poetry, is a tough gig, isn't it? We don't do it for the money— there is no money. We don't do it to become celebrities, because the machinery is not there to turn us into celebrities. I would like to think that our reasons for pursuing this ancient, contemporary, always relevant art form are spiritual. Poetry, more than a way of expressing spirit, is a way of taking the ordinary, quotidian human spirit (and even poets have to put their socks on every morning) and transforming it into a scintillating, spine-tingling Other. Our humanity becomes more-than-humanity, our narrow vision widens (to include seldom seen phantoms, wraiths, and sundry succubi), our limbs and genitals receive a very special kind of stimulation, and our human whole becomes greater than the sum of its parts.

Thus the implications of a decision to pursue poetry are multi-leveled and abstruse, but simultaneously as clear as a cloudless dawn. We reject a mercenary society (though we may still need to pay rent), we reject the reduction of the human spirit to materiality, consumerism, greed, and crass pragmatism. We reject the mechanics of our media system, prowling as it is for fresh, perfect-looking, badly-spoken blood. What do we affirm? A life of spiritual possibility; a life in which fresh vistas perpetually open up; a life that offers a way of seeing unavailable on any other path; a life consecrated to the goal of moving a worthwhile art form forward. The poets here included are all, in their own way, moving the art form forward. I hope you will enjoy reading them as much as I have enjoyed collecting their dazzlingly sharp, flesh-born poems.

Christopher Goodrich

Upon Hearing that She and the Man with whom She Cheated are getting Married

after Mary Oliver

Somewhere behind me
the staccato of young men,
their laughter, a fitting truth,
something I wish I had
moments ago when the news
covered my body like sudden
rain.. Beside me, an umbrella
I've carried since morning.
I hope to God I don't forget it
when it's time again to leave.
I've ruined more evenings that way,
my shoes soaked, my body shaking.
I don't know what kind of animal
love is. I do know how to pray
on bent knees for someone
else's failure. From the ledge
of a lonely and startled dream,
I put my hands together and begin
the way anyone would: Dear God

To My Cheating Ex-Girlfriend, On Her Wedding Day

In my dreams I play flower girl
at your wedding. A meticulous
and rehearsed walk down
the lantern-lit aisle, a white wicker
basket anchoring my enthusiasm,
releasing the pink petals carelessly
into the wind. Pink being, in my mind,
the color of grace, the basket a symbol of sanity,
my dress, black as a bitch slap, the only sign
that something is terribly wrong.

That and the fact that I kidnapped,
in the name of forgiveness, the real flower girl,
tied her to the back seat of my car
(I've cracked the windows). She'll return
home after the reception, unharmed,
I promise, after we have danced and danced,
and after, god willing, I lift a glass to you Jennifer,
to you Chris, that you both may see how much I have grown.

Drinking Together, Li Po and I admire Wang’s Garden

We go back and forth like this:
raising our gin soaked chins
to a translucent daytime moon,
toasting the indecent goldenrod,
the sweet sting of morning,
then, falling deep into an unbelievable 10am,
memorizing the hibiscus.

Last night, a dozen friends joked
as you stripped clean and rode the rope
swing into the river. Afterwards, the wine wet,
the grass low and dying, we vowed to cherish
the balding crocus in sickness and health.

This morning we watch the birds
return one by one to Wang’s roof,
our backs against the same oak,
our tumblers now empty.
I am drifting in and out of consciousness
but you are still awake, writing something down,
transfixed by willow-blossom, the call of the moon,
willow-blossom, moon, blossom, moon.

First to Wake

If you are first to wake,
do me a favor, turn off the alarm,
let the dog out to pee.

I would, but I'm far away now,
standing on a bridge that hovers
above a living riverbed,

speaking Latin to someone
who speaks it back. I am turning the pages
of guilty pleasure, strolling the gardens

of invincible men, kissing as many girls
as I can before interrupted by traffic.
If you are still looking for something to do

after watering the lawn,
there are breakfast sausages in the fridge,
they need cooking or they'll turn on us.

You could prepare them with eggs or oatmeal,
thinking all the while of the conversation we'll have
as I make my way from the bedroom,

our comforter wrapped around my shoulders,
my stomach rumbling from the emptiness
of waking up alone. And if you haven't already

left me for someone who wakes with you,
if you haven't run off with one of the street men
who keep their eyes on you,

you might take a moment to turn the radio on,
something classical, or in any case,
something to soothe me back to sleep

in the event I am startled awake
by the clanging of pots, the slamming of doors.

As Brothers

In addition to death,
we practiced, as brothers, leaving
until one evening, the rain
fingerprinting our windows,
we hit the cool of a loneliness
I could not ignore.

Have you ever traced a silent war
across the length of your life?
Have you known an enemy
so frank with shattered music
you began to love him on the sidewalk
in front of your house, searching the sky
as brothers, until it's impossible,
your eyes granite, your voice
a forged and faded signature, until one of you,
not knowing what else,
presses the gas and drives away?

I must have waited for hours
on the curb, I even thought
to shout your name, I needed to
explain something fleeting,
dotted with both of our failures.
But I never did. I returned home
to make roast beef, creamed corn
with my beloved and for that too I apologize

you and I could have made dinner
together, talked about tomorrow
the way friends do, made the ice tea, sweet and cool,
we both love, and you could have handed me a napkin,
and I could have passed you the butter.

David Prater

The Day Britney Died

i was standing in the bathroom shaving my head
when the news came through about how britney
had died & i just choked up you know i had an
emotional malfunction kept scratching my face
like some academic stunned by the shrill levity
that followed & all the drive-time scrambling for
moronic puns as far as i could tell no one really
cared about britney at all it was as if she hadn't
actually died but only gone crazy maybe shaved
her head for cancer research i looked at the tufts
of my hair on the tiles & started crying i didn't
know why but somehow they reminded me of
french collaborators during the war the women
paraded in village squares & their shaved heads
the self-righteous stares & the grim satisfaction
as if you could eradicate someone's shame with
a pair of clippers & therefore exonerate society
or just yourself i swept up my dwindling clumps
& thought it's no use selling this on ebay is it?
when it just grows back (unlike a severed head
i switched the radio off & britney was still dead

More Sun Than Clouds Sprinkles Early

said let's buy tulips because you were homesick
twenty four hour florists late night emergencies
the tulips sat inside a cool store freezer still wet
& trembling fragile as a whispered wish (we said
let's buy some tulips today there's more sun than
cloud their powers are quite expensive but what
does money matter (when there's more sun than
clouds scanning the supermarket aisles for some
sprinkles early in the morning (we said let's buy
some sprinkles when you were thinking of home
i was thinking of the sun we took photographs of
tulips they were orange as bushfire suns (& wet
as clouds & our faces looking up to see sprinkles
saw twinkles in the blank sky (homesick & here

Rob McLennan

poem for cheryl referencing diane arbus & werner Herzog

They call it the thing of things; essence
of essences: great northern snowy owl, whiteness.
— John Thompson, Stiltjack

when almost-rain begins to freeze,
a spring of sheep, & all the wrong-stuff

translation coats; of cards & letters

I've looked at marriage from at least
three distant blocks

I know you here & edge &
light speaks sometimes through

a stark then even, when I let
to great extent

a barricade of teeth

not the art of scholars but illiterate; a smile,
even as her double scorn

a third & third resounding to their function,
a car hears creeks

the written material of crows
& crows-feet

where do the creeks; at times I fall
& bridges alter

in useless brothers go

in my unlawful comprehension, did any
unusual find

green coats & a shepherds watch,
if even statements could abate

if I don't let you

poem for sina w/ the ghosts of maya deren

a category not-remarked, a literal
constant pushing force

or quest of ponder

painted veils against the world
of an end

an end unto itself, what sensors
to outline fact

to strive or cling, to knot
a solid glance

subversive taint of pictures; ripping dolls
of headless gait

a step, then

shadow on a shapeless structure
, streetcar makes

streak into the right direction

is your sound a quantity, quantify?
your soundlessness?

has nothing to do with,
still

poem referencing anne carson while listening to julie doiron

> After all why study the past? Because you may wish
> to repeat it.
> — Anne Carson, Men In the Off Hours

a hairs breath; shorn no more

loaded after hour, hour

it doesn't matter what she says, I swear
all greek

the trained of lessons rapture

is it different to know the rock in only
two hundred shorter words

the portable doctor seuss

a stain of story plainly told

would not give up book or break

saint in the details; bearing late
to summers end, a sum

of speech & tongue

abrasive glass is silver, light
projected from a screen

that knew your mother
that knew her then, & then

she cant forget

replays it in her head; this
the world was not & never

cain, so coloured; -less

poem for anne after rob w/ brian eno

This dynamite stinks of poem.
— Sina Queyras

a sonnet of gold, imitators
of solid pop

betraying numbers, one on one
or fourteen all

salt stinging into wound on wound,
go out now stalwart stuff

on the shore they talk of mouse
& still computer-mean

a year of silence, airports, one note
& then a dormouse sung

the mechanics of lightning, romantic touch
creates a task

creates an ark

we have groundwork on the cliff, you can
laugh brown or cry

what am I hope to function

poem on how cities are built

of seasons; of snow & the wind & soil
of lines that looked line-straight at first,
until later in the air
of blinding dark that seems afraid of
of brick & mortar, touching at the cross
& crux, a merging since

of morning for a while & then
of travel & then none, & letting
what develop meant around

of endless mooring & arrival; of

a caution carrion of bridges, swept

of hard-won spacings, wooden velocities
of sidewalks into concrete, stone

Steve Halle

Epistrophic

dear magellan,

the epistrophic changes. epistrophy is epistrophe. would you rather you were the bull, the matador, the red sheet or the killing spear? would you rather be turning toward divine ground? or on divine ground turning? have you discovered the act of discovery? are you that kind of discovery or circumnavigation? earth--the shell of the turtle? has the act of discovery helped you to be discovered? has the art of discovering others who have made discoveries been the discovery? is discovery of others in the act of discovering others who discovered others before them, cowering in their own bewilderment, been the discovery you have been seeking? the same melodic material same material, melodic, is repeated is incantatory is repeated is repeated at different pitches at opposing pitches at similar pitches in the pitch of the moment in the pitch of a line of phrase is repeated in the cigarette smell on the black finger on the key the smell of the key is incantatory is repeated in the moment when the pianist who is no pianist who is no piano who has the key but is not the key smells the ivory, chanting, thrumming the key(s) feels the charge of the bull elephant in musth? the increasing tension tense taut taught like piano wire? thrumming tension in the electrical wires over the strata of fields of mind-artist deep in creation madness? do you? feel? that way?

let me know your answer,
s

yao

dear Jackson Pollock's memory,

oh well i tend to agree with the crying/passion/exhaustion argument but you've put me in a tough spot yet again. living with the enemy of our undefined yet common belief sys. don't worry abt being defensive and btw it's molehills but n e ways. what r u signing my year book or something? and this faculty meeting day makes me want to quit my job idealistically like student in Updike short story "A&P" and are we going to just become vagrants? & is that all of "what's left" to do? and and and listen to Brahms 4th like I kno what tha fuck he means? and listen to jazz like I kno wtf? and read like I no wtf? and write things so obscure even me the transparent eyeballed creator doesn't know wtf they it all means? I guess the point was I'm tired right now tired like not go to sleep tired but tired in other ways and ways I can't defend or argue abt but it might just be time to lay low & there are no readily avail. times on any foreseen horizons for such lazy nonsensical endeavors. On the floor I am more at ease, I feel nearer. I'm better at buying books than reading them but they don't and I don't understand why not they don't pay you for that more likely the opp. and i know what's-his-name sd steal this book and all that but i don't feel like being cooped up ether. I mn either. an epic struggle between man and material might unfold. lots of luck, honey.

love, not chaos,
s

Subject: And in losing my cell phone I lost myself

Dear James,

Attachment is a / the problem. I'm holding on to everything. The Bubble means there are circles means dear James returns or replaces. Expands, at least. I'm pacifying myself. I want to see what happens. Not in the least. Only one question remains--even holding on to nothing is something? How to break off? Existentialism is existence is something. Keep piling on the worries. Somebody's done for is camphor. Bees know building, and if the honeycomb crumbles, they know building. The honey is still sweet. Therefore birth must be rebirth. Original sin is fallacious. There is no creation--only something and nothing. Is and not. Something rings--my cell phone and my neuroses. To answer? Breathing like waving is waves. The mind is the raft. Spray spills over the burstable sides. On the starving raft, we eat each other for meaning. The problem is the stomach, the wanting. Insatiability makes detachment the ultimate koan. The rational mind seeks the subconscious seeks the rational mind. Each one provokes the other--an old married couple. A warrior dreams in colors: killing and conquests. He can't escape the conditioning, the training. He was born a lamb but grew and sharpened his fangs. The only notes he hits form the minor keys. In this battle someone is winning, someone losing. Tomorrow everything changes. So it goes, dear James. The trees dance at the thought.

If you know what I mean, you are attached to this message.

Best,
No Such Agency (NSA)

Larry Sawyer

But Still We Have to Pay Taxes

In the Old Norse
tale about the candle wax
and fragrant eyes
you may have
noticed that lemurs
stacked whales in
the cold shout of
Swedenic winters
and frozen sighs
limned the dingle starry
as if you were
paper and upon your
face a poem writ
such that goblets
filled with celestial
spit descended
angelically from
gypsy skies.

Of Foreign Coins

Twice in the final hour a French
horn will crow. Examine the bark
of trees. At a ceremony to celebrate
oblivion, a peal of thunder
was birthed into meaning.

Two eagles descended, lapping
the horse that won the race of existence.

A loud voice: On the final day
of snow, flutes and whistles slowly
circle weeping caballeros.

To sublet summer
there are twelve silences
and two lambs.

A hand claps the thirteenth
silence, as if a shell upon a liquescent beach.

Planted in a field against a shadow,
a priest spun webbed echoes the size of
Easter. A new constellation, itself backward,
now drips upon the pavement
electronic obsidian.

Gorgeous Illustrations

Feminine machines, themselves
like a fragrance, she said and the
table again strayed from its place
and moved about the room
with such lightness and laughter
and why are you reading
as her hands so absolute
in a good way, the precise manners
of New Englanders, like pillows,
filled with famine. Good luck there,
because love is a secret factory
manufacturing doubt and the
employees blow smoke rings
on their lunch breaks the size of
Manhattan. Scores of dahlias
feed him morning and, like green
sleep, right now is the time.

Mary Walker Graham

Double

Here is a box of fish marked tragedy.
Is it different from the dream

in which your alter ego kills the girl?
You are the same, and everyone knows it,

whether tracing the delicate lip of the oyster shell,
or sharpening your blade in the train car.

The marvelous glint is the same.
Though you think you sleep, you wake

and walk into the hospital, fingering
each instrument, opening each case with care.

The scales fall away with a scraping motion.
You are the surgeon and you are the girl.

Whether you lie like feathers on the pavement,
or coolly pocket your equipment, and walk away…

You are the same; and you are the same.
You only sleep to enter the luminous cave.

A Pit, A Broken Jaw, A Fever

When I say pit, I'm thinking of a peach's. As in *James and the Giant,* as in: the night has many things for a girl to imagine. The way the flesh of the peach can never be extricated, but clings—the fingers follow the juice. The tongue proceeds along the groove. Dark peach: become a night cavern—an ocean's inside us—a balloon for traveling over. When I said *galleons of strong arms without heads,* I meant natives, ancient. I meant it takes me a long time to get past the hands of men; I can barely get to their elbows. How a twin bed can become an anchor. How a balloon floating up the stairwell can become a person. Across the sea of the hallway then, I floated. I hung to the fluorescent fixtures in the bathroom, I saw a decapitated head on the toilet. I'll do anything to keep from going in there. I only find the magazines under the mattress, the Vaseline in the headboard cabinet. A thought so hot you can't touch it. A pit. A broken jaw. A fever.

Blues

Who guesses the hieroglyph,
wins—asleep
in the grass, alone
in the barn, under
a dull sky.

Who knows the cliff,
the score and its clef—
the stormy or placid after.

Shape with a hole in it.
Tree with a bend in it.
Bird on a branch.
The hieroglyph.

At St. Baume

It was a dimple of comfort:
sleeping long months,
forgetting. I must have dreamed

the ocean and its shore—
a chaos of gulls as the craft
pushed off; galleons

of strong arms without heads.
I leaned heavy toward shelter,
filling my own sails.

Now the smell of damp hair,
crusts of secretions. Something iron
that makes teeth clench

and the walls grow mold.
It was my own blood, finally.
When I woke I remembered

those last circles—how
the she-wolf turns and turns
before collapsing on stone.

Believing I Could Wait for Gladness

1.
Heart's a sea-sponge, on sea-floor
hearts of fire
Hanging paper lanterns
Dried coral

Heart like manzanita, mounded
Round and branched
Or a prickly pear, lobed
arid but in bloom

Heart's an oak, swept up, up-rooted
hearts of flame
Clustered red berries, barren bush
Heart's an oak

2.
Green, green with the gray
in it; rock with the lichen
on it; I was once so still
I could be moved by rain,

believing I could wait
for gladness. Now the whole
world out the window
shakes; when I come to it,

as beside "still waters,"
it will be round and branched,
or lobed, like a prickly pear.
Then my heart quickened
as the cat slept in the underbrush.

3.
Or crouched, his thighs
coiled to spring, but now
I imagine, goes for

the throat. Believing
I could wait for gladness.
But *sinks* in; that's

the problem: the surrender,
and no taker. What if I, too,
seized? Preyed,

like a hawk sees.
It's simple, see—
I can find it.

4.
Then, jeweled with fat
purple plums, the tree
capsizes. Nothing but that
which was first abandoned,
left in the dirt to claw out
a first direction.
The root ball's not too heavy;
this gust of wind is all it takes.

Brian Kim Stefans

White Sestina

Again, they've tricked me out of bed
With the rumor of sight. No casual joke,
It seems they didn't know what they were doing
As if this dawn of rose and of white
Were the gist of some other problem they were working
On. I am up now, and seething

With expectation. How I am seething
That the vision filtered through, and on my bed
Stood, for a sweet second, the pilot working
Its craft down to its pad, like a joke
Which promised to be innocently white
Discovered, in the end, to be something doing!

And though I wish I were doing
Pet tricks, like a hound who can't stop seething
Espying through the brush notes of white
(A brand new car, or pillow for its bed)
I am rarely ever in on it, when the joke
Escapes into the higher lights, like a clock never working.

But I am working, I am working
Listening to what the repair man's doing
To the faucet upstairs, and when a joke
Falls from his lips, like a bubble from a trepanned seething,
I recoil like a child in its bed
Taking notes, but protecting its fairly white

Neck, wanting to keep it white. White
The clouds want to show they're working
But I take it they need not lift my bed
To rise to the stars, to explain what they're doing
So many weeks on the ground, the forum seething
With suspicion, that the mission be some sort of joke!

And, someday, we will just joke
About it, Aeneas. But say this to him, white
Is the cloud, like a bang, and the working
A fairer standard to satisfy the seething.
Sure, it is clear there is something doing.

So lie down here, next to me, in my bed.

For the bed is the joke
Doing lines before the judges, who are white
With pride and indignation, seething, working.

Complaint of Pierrot

from Laforgue

Oh, that model soul
bade me her adieu
because my eyes…too?
    lacked principle.

She, such tender bread
(now a Wonder loaf)
…typical! gives birth
    to one more brat.

For, married, she is
always with a guy
who *is* a “nice guy,”
    hence his genius.

Jessica Lee White

Tricks

A gunslinger, my father called me.
Also "mouth," for the arguments.
I am both more and less attractive than he thought I was.

Last night, or this morning,
I dreamt I had a drawer just for undergarments,
and it was full of babies, and some sashes.

It's that way, isn't it? Thinking about
Don Imus instead of myself, the hierarchy
of Leno coming second. Leaning forward.

Either way I'm okay. It's more fun, the weather,
picking items to prepare. Also, I wouldn't tell you
if I didn't want you to know you were made up.

I am hearing again
the beginnings of "Amazing Grace."
You can do little things like that.

The Sexuality of Prolepsis

In a lyrical space
I do not see you

or the hysteria
of your runaway bride.

It's a Saturday, only,
it is not wartime

and you are not appropriate
with that shouting

and hollering to-do.
I should lie, say

I dreamt about you.
Make you quiet.

B I O N O T E S

Christopher Goodrich currently teaches at-risk high school students in inner city Philadelphia. He has also taught at New York University and Frostburg State University. As a director, he has appeared off and off-off Broadway. His poems have appeared in *Entelechy International, Diner, 5AM, Kestrel, Hotel Amerika, Rattle, The New York Quarterly, The Sycamore Review* and *The Worcester Review* among others. He has also been featured on Verse Daily. He is a recipient of a Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Poetry Prize and holds an M.F.A. from New England College. *A Chapbook, By Reaching*, is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press. A full length manuscript, Nevertheless, Hello is currently seeking a publisher. He lives with his wife Rachel and dog Seamus in New Jersey.

Mary Walker Graham is the co-founder of Rope-a-Dope Collaborative, a printing co-op for artists and writers located in South Boston, MA. Her poems have also appeared in Poetry Magazine, Poetry Daily, and 42opus.

Steve Halle, a dread suburbanite, teaches high school and coaches American football with a somewhat iconoclastic incorporation of the Buddhist/Christian philosophy of loving one's opponent. He has an MFA from New England College, where he started the poetry ball a-rolling. He manages the blogs *Seven Corners* (which publishes Chicago poets) and *Fluid / Exchange* (which publishes Steve's own culture-related thought-detritus). Steve has critical and creative work published or forthcoming in *Jacket*, *Moria*, *PFS Post*, *Alehouse*, *Cordite*, *OCHO*, *ACM (Another Chicago Magazine),* and others.

Rob McLennan currently lives directly between Ottawa's Chinatown and Little Italy neighbourhoods, and was called "Centretown's poet laureate" by David Gladstone in *The Centretown Buzz* in the mid-1990s. The author of twelve previous trade poetry collections in Canada and England, he has published poetry, fiction, interviews, reviews and columns in over two hundred publications in fourteen countries and in four languages, and done reading tours in five countries on two continents. The editor/publisher of above/ground press and the long poem magazine *STANZAS* (both founded in 1993), the online critical journal *Poetics.ca* (with Ottawa poet Stephen Brockwell) and the Ottawa poetry annual *ottawater* (ottawater.com), he edits the ongoing Cauldron Books series through Broken Jaw Press, edited the anthologies *evergreen: six new poets* (Black Moss Press), side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac Press), *GROUNDSWELL: the best of above/ground press, 1993-2003* (Broken Jaw Press) and *Decalogue: ten Ottawa poets* (Chaudiere Books), and runs the semi-annual ottawa small press book fair, which he co-founded in 1994, currently under the umbrella of the small press action network - ottawa (span-o), which he also runs. Fall

2007 sees the appearance of a new poetry collection with Ireland's Salmon Publishing, a collection of literary essays appears with Toronto's ECW Press, a novella with The Mercury Press, and a title for Vancouver publisher Arsenal Pulp Press, *Ottawa: The Unknown City*. His online home is at www.track0.com/rob_mclennan, and he often posts reviews, essays, rants and other nonsense at www.robmclennan.blogspot.com. His thirteenth trade poetry collection is *The Ottawa City Project* (Chaudiere Books), and he was recently named writer-in-residence for the University of Alberta for the 2007-8 academic year, and leaves in September for Edmonton. He will be back for good about nine months later.

David Prater (b. 1972) is a Melbourne-based writer and editor. Since 2000 he has edited Cordite Poetry Review (www.cordite.org.au), an online poetry journal funded by the Australia Council for the Arts. His work has appeared in many Australian magazines including Meanjin, Southerly, The Age, Going Down Swinging, Best Australian Poetry 2003, Overland and papertiger, as well as several international anthologies and magazines. In 2005 he was awarded a new work grant from the Australia Council for the Arts, and also travelled to Seoul (ROK) as an Asialink resident. He has performed at various Australian festivals including the National Young Writers Festival, Next Wave Festival, Melbourne Writers Festival and the Nimbin Performance Poetry Cup. His debut poetry collection, We Will Disappear, is published in 2007 by soi3, an imprint of papertiger media.

Larry Sawyer curates the Myopic Poetry Reading Series in Wicker Park, Chicago. His poetry and reviews have appeared in publications such as Court Green, Arson, MiPOesias, The Prague Literary Review, Coconut, Exquisite Corpse, Ygdrasil, the Miami Sun Post, the Tiny, Jacket, Hunger, Skanky Possum, and elsewhere. He also edits the online literary magazine www.milkmag.org.

Brian Kim Stefans has published several books of poetry including *Free Space Comix* (Roof Books, 1998), *Gulf* (Object Editions, 1998, downloadable at ubu.com) and *Angry Penguins* (Harry Tankoos, 2000), along with several chapbooks, most recently “What Does It Matter?” from Barque Press.*Fashionable Noise: On Digital Poetics*, a collection of essays, poetry and interviews, appeared in 2003 from Atelos. His newest books are What Is Said to the Poet Concerning Flowers (Factory School, 2006), collecting over six years of poetry, and Before Starting Over: Selected Writings and Interviews 1994-2005, to be published in September, 2006, by Salt Publishing.

Jessica Lee White lives and writes in Philadelphia. A graduate of Temple University, her work has appeared in *Eratio* and elsewhere.